I am walking on blue sky,
looking for something
I lost.

For some
reason, I'm
six years old
again.

My hands are so tiny!

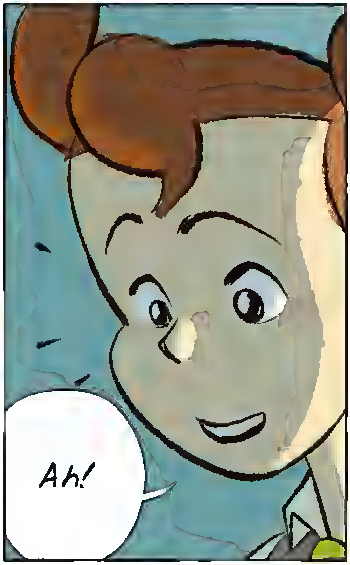
In the distance, Pammy and Eli wave goodbye.

Pammy...

Eli...

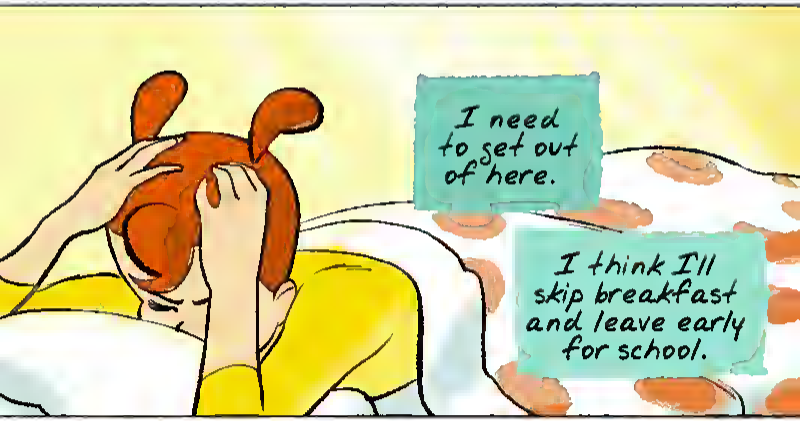
Who are you waving goodbye to?

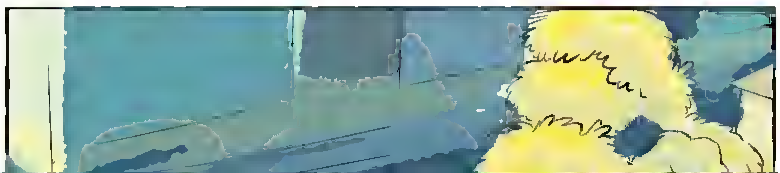
What are you...
No...


Ah!

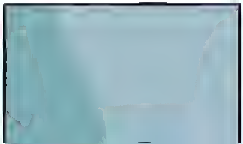
This is the one!

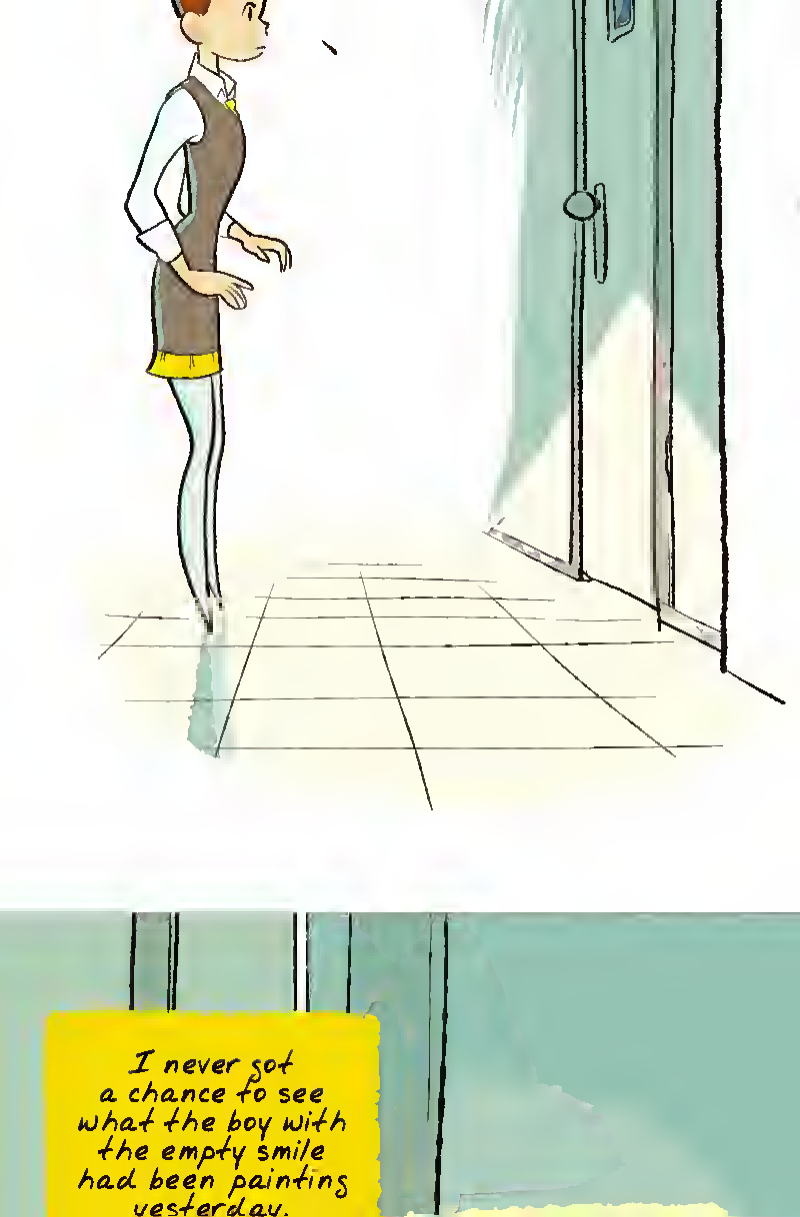
you caught a cold from wearing so little on such a chilly night.


I need to get out of here.
I think I'll skip breakfast and leave early for school.

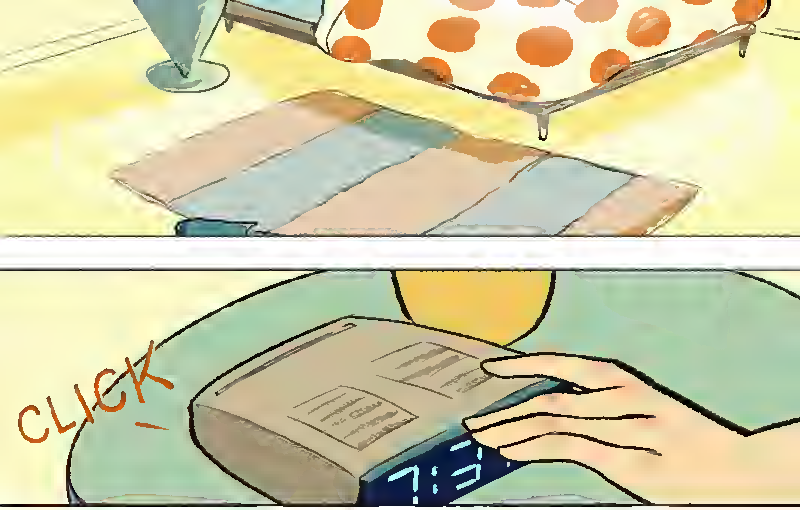


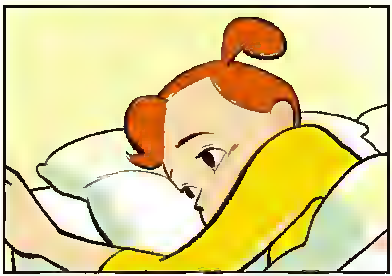
Hmmm.
I saw him store it on this drying rack...

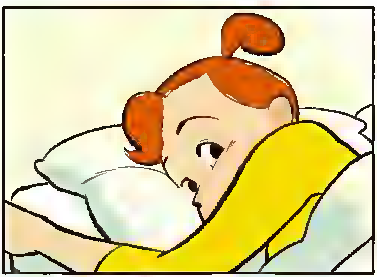



I never got a chance to see what the boy with the empty smile had been painting yesterday.

NO!


CLICK

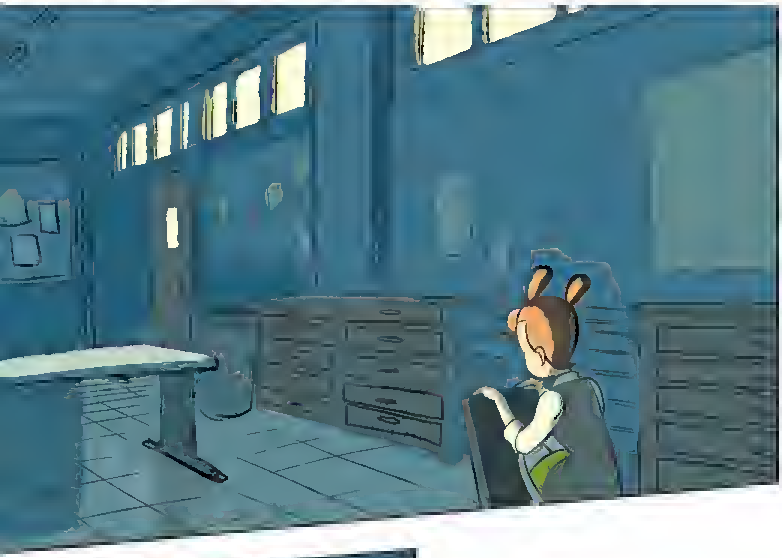




who I want to be.

I wonder...

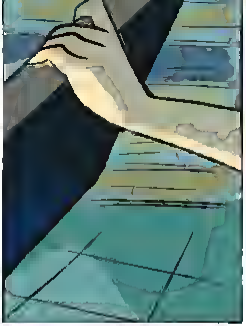
Is living here on Earth making me into a terrible person?



CLICK

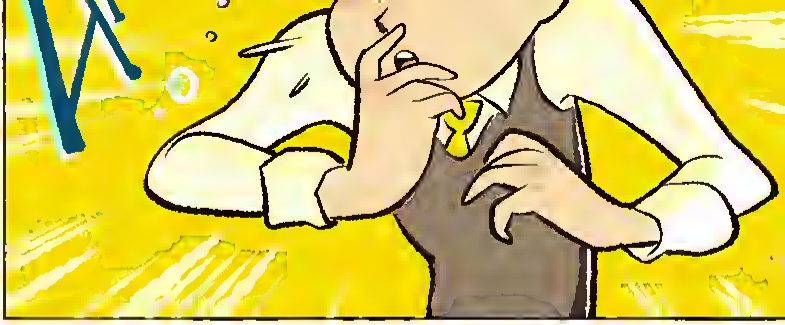
this early for exercise?

I climb the ever-present stairs, keenly aware of the sound of my echoing footsteps and heavy breathing.

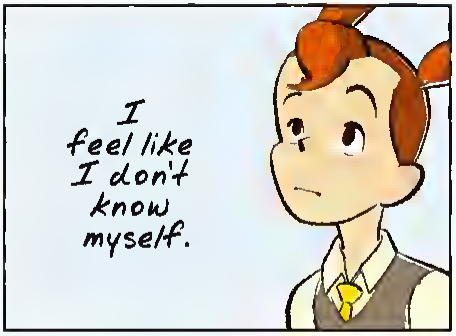


Or is it just revealing a terrible part of me that's always been there?

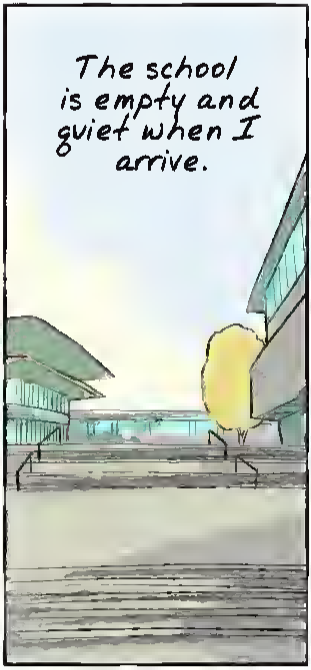
A-CHOO!



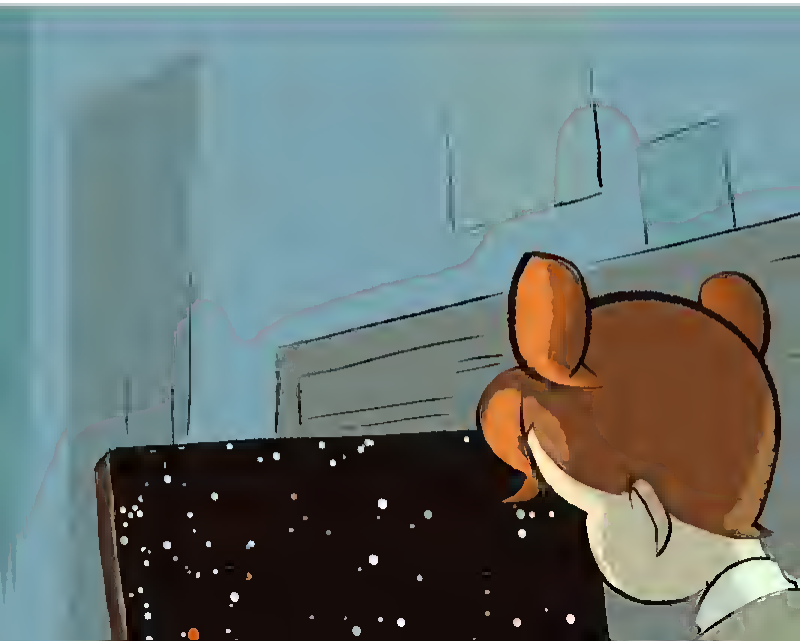
I'm not sick.
I refuse to be sick.
It's probably just allergies.

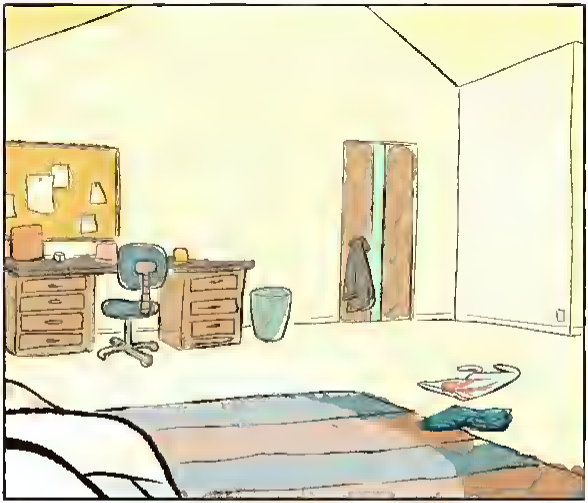

I feel like I don't know myself.

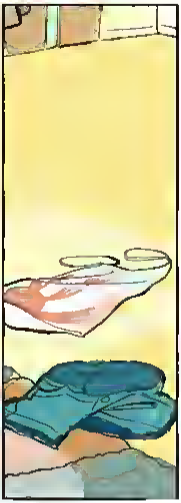
I mean, I yelled at my mom! That's not me!
At least, that's not


The school is empty and quiet when I arrive.

In the distance I hear kids jossins around the track. Who would set up



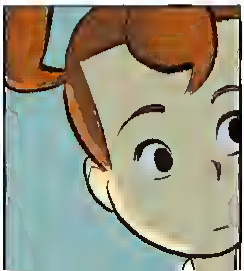




Sigh.

I never got a chance to discover what had allowed fragments of his flavor to bleed out like that.
Now, before anyone gets here, I should have just enough time to take a peek.

AH
CHOO!



SPACE BOY

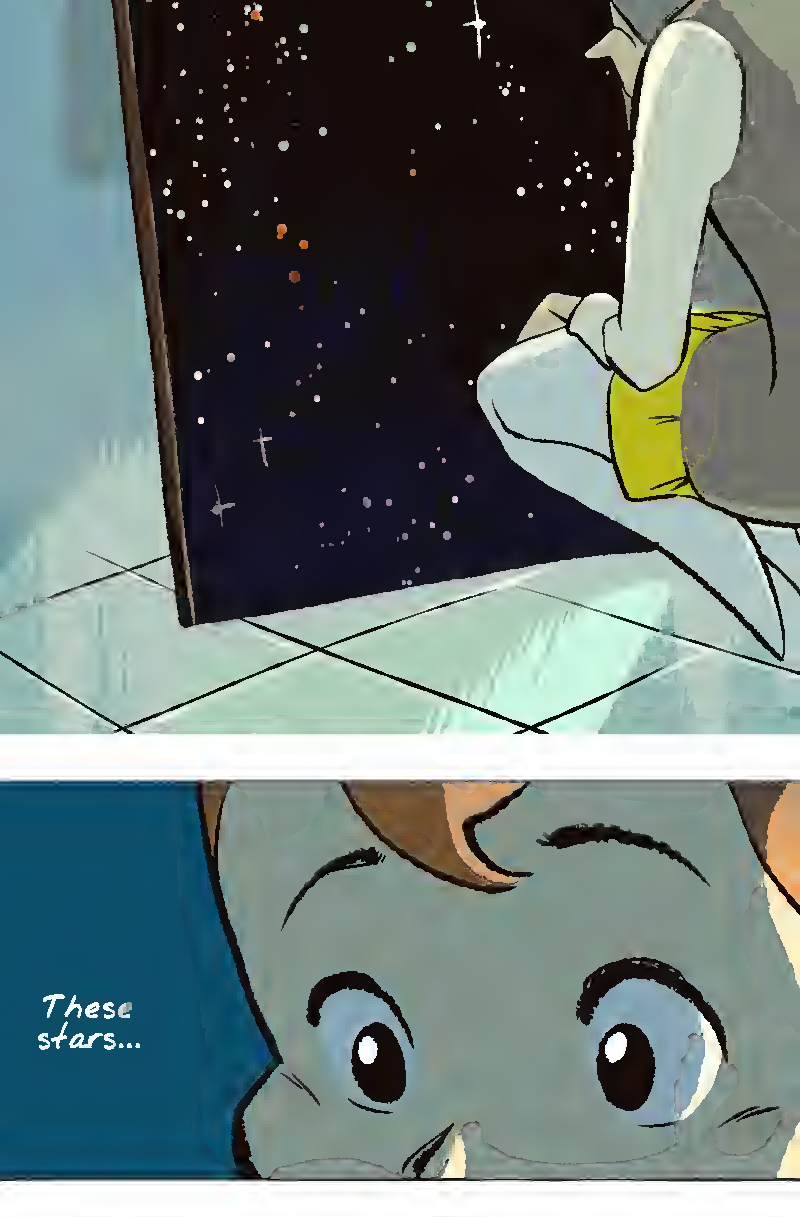
by

Stephen McCranie
@stephenmccranie
doodlealley.com

LINE Webtoon
WWW.WEBTOONS.COM

Memories of last night poke into my brain, stabbing away the fog of sleep.

Where were you? Why didn't you answer our calls? Your father and I were worried sick!
I'm sorry.
And who gave you those skimpy clothes?
Uh...
I wouldn't be surprised if

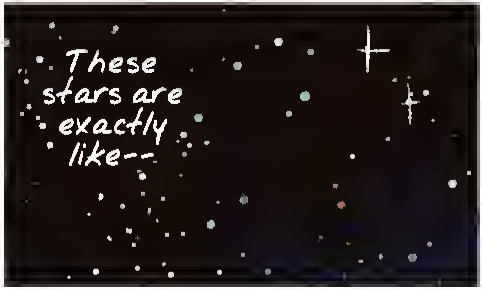

These stars...

Soon,
I find myself
at the door to
the art room.

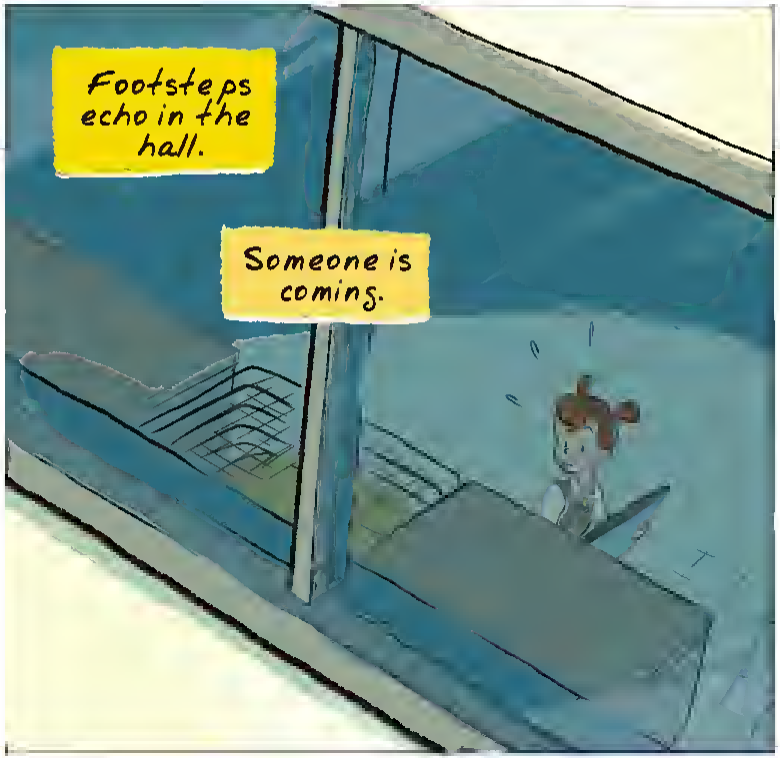
With a jolt
I realize I had
been planning to
come here all
along.

beep

Yesterday
was hard.


These stars are exactly like--

!


Footsteps echo in the hall.
Someone is coming.